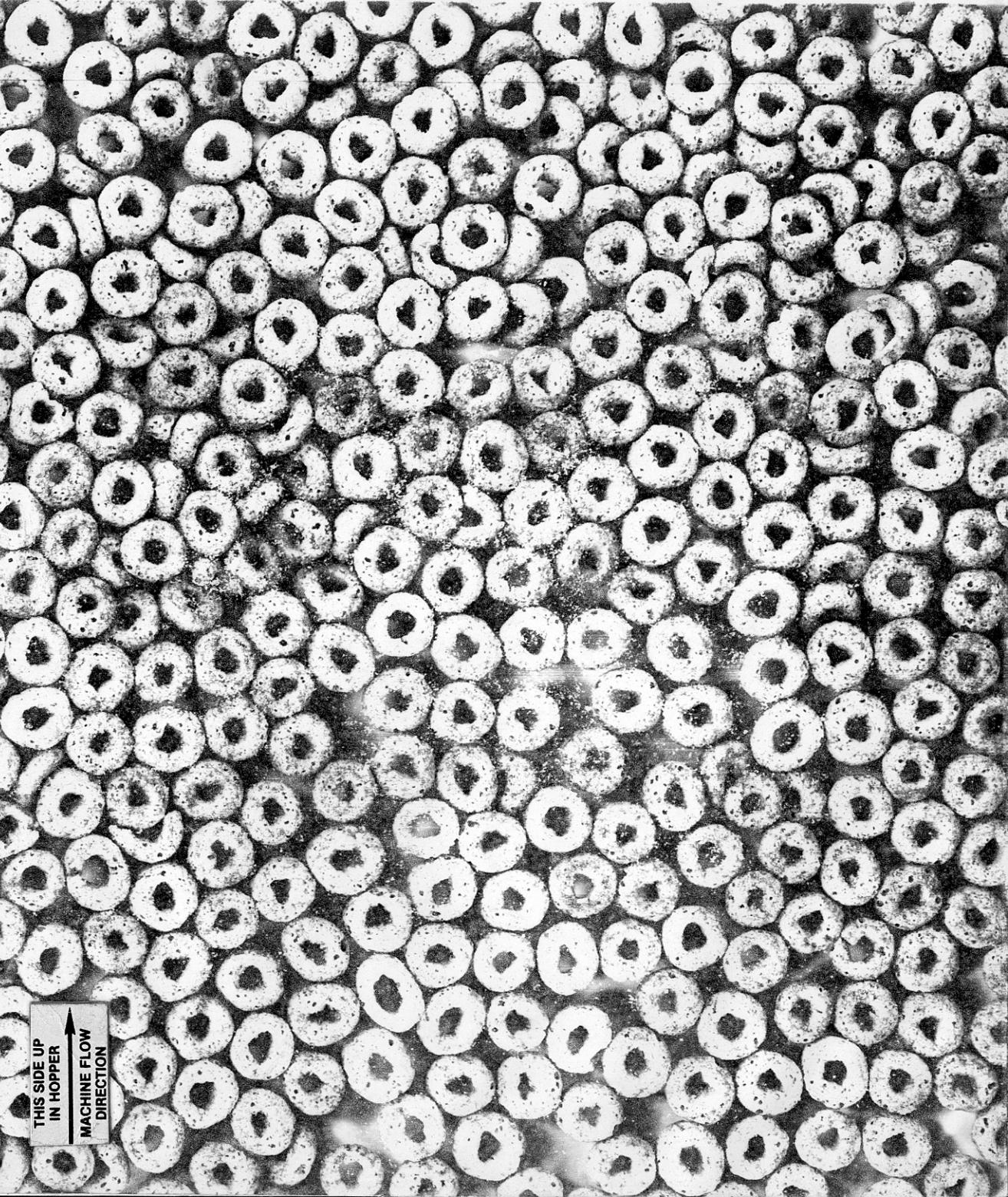


MONEY FAME HAPPINESS

\$.000 + —★— + —♥— s = 60 pts.



THIS SIDE UP
IN HOPPER
MACHINE FLOW
DIRECTION

CONTAINS THESE WRITINGS

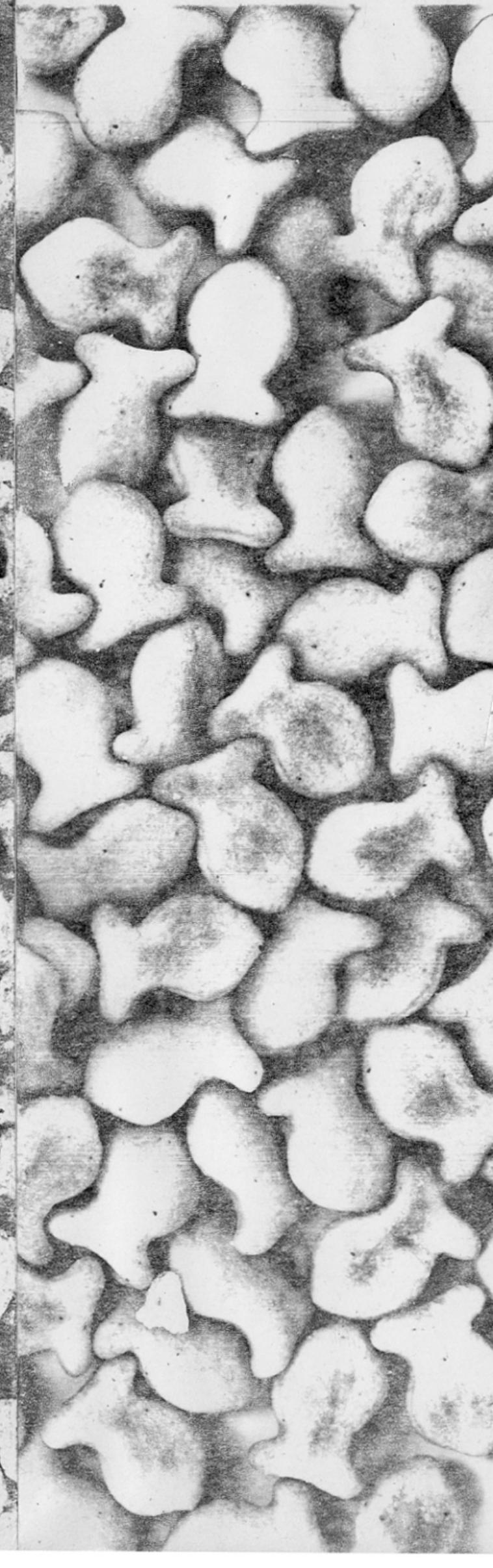
° GRAVITY PROBLEMS

° THE XEROX FOOD PROCESSOR

° THE BARLEY POP MOVIE RATING GUIDE

° RED TANKS

° THE BALLAD OF BOBBIE THE BRICK
° ALBERT'S (PERSONAL) ICE AGE



GRAVITY PREMIUM

For Kris

IT WASN'T BY HIS CHOICE
HE WAS BORN THAT WAY
WHO HAD A GRAVITY PROBLEM
IT WAS JUST AN EVERYDAY DAY
FOR M.T. POCKETS

IT WAS HIS DOWN UP OUR
OUR CEILING IN A TREEHOUSE
WHERE ALL THE FURNITURE
WAS FASTENED TO HIS FLOOR
(FROM OFF THE CEILING)
HAVE TO PICK THINGS UP
OR HE'D CONSTANTLY
AND ALL THE ODDS AND ENDS
THAT M.T. NEEDED

THE FURNITURE
WAS ALSO MAGNETIC
(FROM OFF THE CEILING)

TO EAT
TO WORK
TO WRITE
WERE METAL SO THAT

THE SKY

INTO

FALL UP

HE WOULD

STEP OUTSIDE

THAT IF HE DID

BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID

HIS ELECTRIC TREEHOUSE

NEVER LEFT

BUT M.T. POCKETS

(WHICH HE LOVED)

AND CHOCOLATE CAKES

FOR FOOD

(THE ONES WITHOUT GRAVITY PROBLEMS)

TO HIS NEIGHBOORS

HE TRADED THE WOODEN ANIMALS

AND WHEN HE WAS FINISHED

WITH PIECES OF STRING

THAT HE ANCHORED

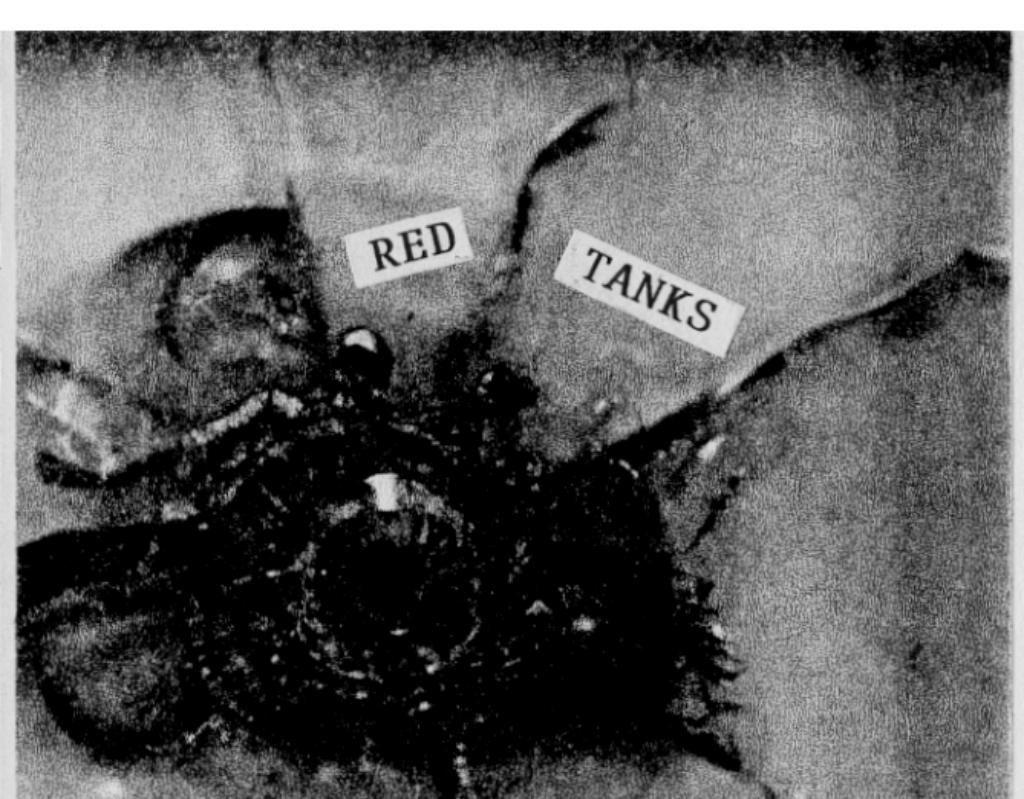
M.T. CARVED LITTLE ANIMALS OUT OF WOOD

OR FORK

WHERE HE PUT IT

WOULD STAY

A SPOON



RED

TANKS

GROWLING DOWN
THE MAIN HIGHWAY
RED TANKS

THEY ROLLED INTO
THE SMALL COMMUNITY

ARMORED TROOPS
IMPOUNDING
ALL CIVILIANS

THEY SEPARATED THEM
INTO TWO GROUPS

ADULTS

AND CHILDREN

AFTER A WEEK
OF ISOLATION
THE PRISONERS
WERE BROUGHT OUT
INTO THE LIGHT

IN TWO HUMAN LINES
ADULTS ONE SIDE

CHILDREN
THE OTHER

THE ADULTS WERE GIVEN A CHOICE

A.P.A. BOOMED

"YOU CAN EITHER HAVE
YOUR CHILDREN . . .

OR YOUR CIGARETTES"

THE PARENTS
(ALREADY GREEN)

TURNED GREENER

(THEY SHUDDERED)

AFTER A MOMENTARY
DECISIVE LAPSE

(SAY, AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS)

"THE CIGARETTES!"

EXCLAIMED THE PARENTS
IN A UNANIMOUS VOTE

THE CHILDREN WERE BUSSSED OFF
TO CONCENTRATION CAMPS

WHILE THE ADULTS

SLOWLY SMOKED

A CIGARETTE

MORNING COFFEE
STEAMED HIS GLASSES,
JUST ENOUGH
SO THAT THE WORDS
IN THE NEWSPAPER
WERE TURNED
TO A FUZZ.

DR. GUNTHER DEDMUND
TOOK OFF THE GLASSES
WIPIING THEM
THOUGHTFULLY
LEANING BACK IN THE CHAIR.

NOT REALLY WISHING
TO READ THE WORDS
PRINTED ABOUT HIM,
ANY FURTHER.

IT WAS UPSETTING HIM
A GREAT DEAL.
"I WAS ONLY TRYING
TO HELP THE WORLD"
HE SAID, TO HIMSELF.

(DRIFTING OFF)

SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE
HE SAT IN THIS SAME CHAIR
WITH ENERGETIC EXCITEMENT.
AFTER HAVING THE MOST
ILLUMINATING
BRAINSTORM
HE'D HAD IN YEARS.

A BLUE SONY TELEVISION
HAD BEEN LEFT TURNED ON
BY THE SECRETARY
(WHO WORKED IN THE OFFICE).
IT BLARED ACROSS THE ROOM
AS HE STEPPED IN TO
XEROX SOME PAPERS,
ON THE OFFICE'S MACHINE.

NORMALLY THE TELEVISION WAS
A CONTRAPTION
TO BE COMPLETED
INGNORED.
"I FEEL LIKE IT"
(GUNTHER ONCE SAID)
"STUCKS YOUR BRAINS OUT,
FROM BEHIND YOUR EYES"

BUT TODAY THE TELEVISION
WAS DIRECTLY IN HIS
FIELD OF VISION,
AS HE STUFFED HALF A SANDWICH
INTO HIS MOUTH
AND THE PAPER
(TO BE COPIED)
INTO THE XEROX.

" . . . PLEASE ONLY YOU CAN HELP
SAID AN OVERLY MADE-UP ACTRESS
THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE T.V.,
AS HE SET THE CONTROLS
OF THE XEROX
FOR FIFTY COPIES.

" . . . THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD
ARE STARVING. . ."
SHE PLEADED.

GUNTHER WAS MOMENTARILY HOOKED
(THE MACHINE WHIRRED ON. . .
COPYING AWAY).

" . . . AND ONLY YOU CAN HELP. . .
THE T.V. CAMERA FOCUSING ON
HER BIG BLUE EYES.

(. . . 20. . . 21. . . 22. . .

WENT THE XEROX)

GUNTHER FUMBLED TO CHECK
ONE OF THE COPIES
BUT HIS EYES WOULDN'T LEAVE
THE T.V. SET
"THIS IS ALFRENDO. . ."
THE T.V. SHOWED A PICTURE
OF A VERY THIN YOUNG BOY
WITH EVEN BIGGER EYES
THAN THE ACTRESS.

(. . . 31. . . 32. . . 33)

GUNTHER STARED ON IN A TRANCE
FORGETTING ABOUT
THE HALF-EATEN SANDWICH
HANGING OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

" . . . IF YOU COULD ONLY SEND. . .
HE DIDN'T NOTICE AS
THE SANDWICH FELL
OUT OF HIS MOUTH
AND INTO THE XEROX.

(. . . 39. . . 40. . . 41)

GUNTHER TOSSSED THE COPIES
ONTO HIS DESK
PLOPPING DOWN IN THE CHAIR
STILL UPSET ABOUT XEROXING

BUT HIS MIND WANDERED
BACK TO THE CHILD
WITH BIG EYES
ALMOST HYPNOTIC

HE THOUGHT

(THEY WERE).

NOT FOCUSING VISION ON ANYTHING
("PLEASE SEND. . .")
SAID THE ACTRESS
IN HIS MIND'S EYE)
AS HIS EYES FOCUSED
ON THE STACK OF XEROXES
IN FRONT OF HIM

THEY WIDEN AS HE BEGAN LOOKING
AT THE TOP COPY

("PLEASE SEND. . .")

THE BIG-EYED CHILD SAID)

GUNTHER'S SANDWICH,
(SLIGHTLY CRUSHED)
WAS REPRODUCES PERFECTLY.
"IT. . . THIS IS AMAZING"
PICKING UP A COPY
THE TOMATOES
EVERYTHING

THEN WITH A THUNDERCLAP

(OVERLAPPED BY THE BIG-EYED
CHILD WHO WAS ETCHED INTO
GUNTHER'S BRAIN)
CAME THE BRAINSTORM.

"YES. . . IT'S SO VERY SIMPLE. . .
SO EASY"

(GUNTHER ALMOST IN A TRANCE)

"I COULD XEROX. . .

ALL THE FOOD THOSE CHILDREN
COULD EAT, IN THEIR ENTIRE LIFES."

CLUTCHING THE XEROX COPY
HE LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW.
"I COULD SOLVE THE WORLDS

HUNGER PROBLEMS. . .

SINGLE-HANDED"

" . . . A FEW DOLLARS TO HELP THESE NEEDY CHILDREN. . . ." CONTINUED THE ACTRESS.

JUST THEN THE XEROX

MADE THIS HORRIBLE

SCREECHING SOUND,
(. . . 48)

THEN STOPPED.

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED"
GUNTHER SAID.
HIS FULL ATTENTION

DRAWN TO THE XEROX
SEARCHING THE SIDE
OF THE MACHINE,
FINDING THE RELEASE SWITCH.
HE OPENED THE XEROX.
IMMEDIATELY FINDING THE PROBLEM

BITS OF LETTUCE,

FLATTENED BREAD

A PIECE OF SMASHED TOMATOE

WERE ALL OVER THE INSIDE
OF THE XEROX.

"SORRY, I LEFT THIS ON. . . ."
SAID BEATRICE,

ARRIVING BACK FROM HER LUNCH.
(STARTLING GUNTHER)

". . . I KNOW HOW IT DISTURBS YOU.
(SHE CLICKED OFF THE TELEVISION)
"OH MY!" SHE SAID
LOOKING INSIDE
THE XEROX
WITH MILD DISGUST.
"WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?"

"I WOULD SAY IT'S MOST OBVIOUS BEA
RAGED GUNTHER

". . . I AM EXPERIMENTING,
WITH NEW WAYS TO EAT. . . .
MY LUNCH!"

HE GRABBED HIS COPIES
STOMPING OFF

"PLEASE CALL A REPAIRMAN"

AS HE DISAPPEARED BACK INTO
HIS OFFICE.

BEATRICE LOOKED AT THE LETTUCE
THEN AT DR. DEDMUND'S DOOR
AS IT SLAMMED SHUT.

BY THIS TIME IT SHOULD BE
VERY APPARENT
THAT DR. GUNTHER DEDMUND
WAS EITHER

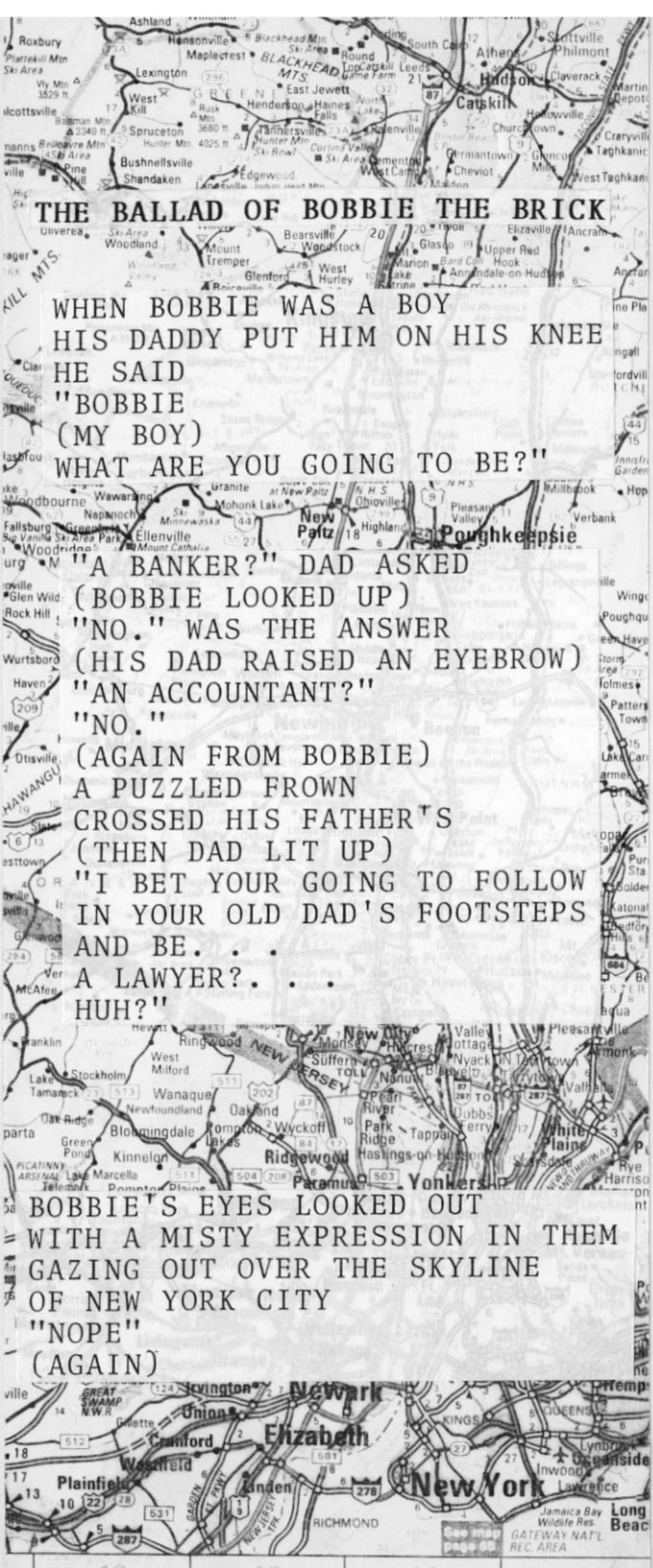
- A. AN (INCREDBLEY)
INANE PERSON
- B. ABOUT AS OFF ONES NUT,
AS ONE CAN BE
- C. (VERY MUCH) BOTH A AND B

WHICH IS WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS
WERE VERY QUICK TO POINT OUT

GUNTHER SAT BACK SIPPING
HIS COFFEE
(ALMOST COLD NOW)

LOOKING OVER
THE CLASSIFIED ADS

"FOR SALE"
READ THE PAPER
"ONE BLUE SONY TELEVISION,
13-INCH SCREEN,
NICE CONDITION
BARELY USED"





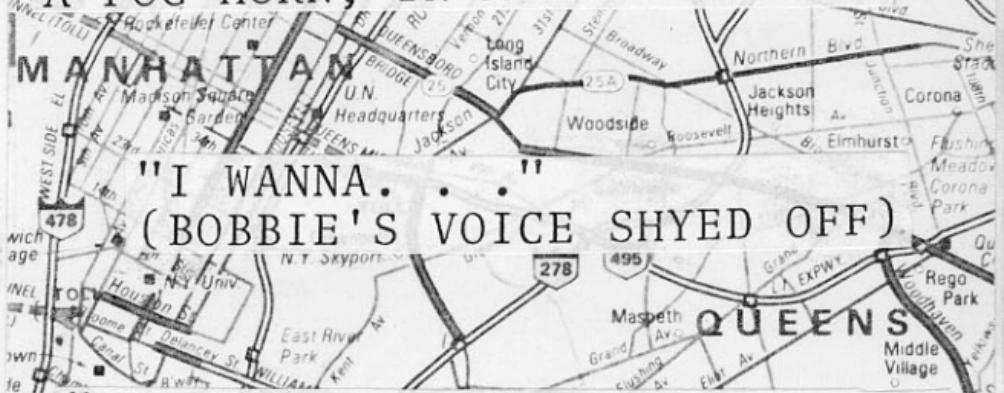
POOR DAD SLUMPED DOWN
"WELL SON" SAID OLD DAD
"WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO DO. . .
WITH YOURSELF?"
(HOPING THERE WAS A SOLID IDEA
IN THAT MISTY-EYED BOY)



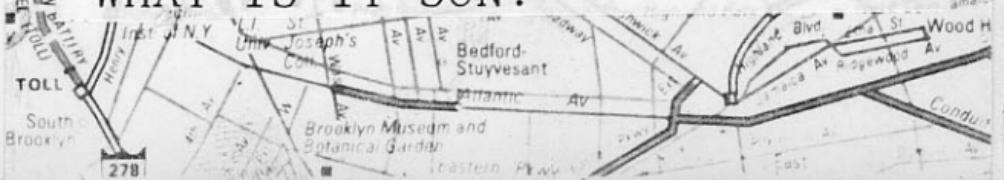
"YA KNOW SON" BEGAN DAD
"YOUR MOTHER AND I. . .
JUST WANT THE BEST FOR YOU."
(BOBBIE DIDN'T STIR)
"WE WANT YOU TO. . .
MAKE US PROUD"
(BOBBIE SEEMED TO TENSE A LITTLE)



"DAD" BOBBIE SAID
(WHICH PLEASED HIS DAD,
HE WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY
THAT HE JUST MIGHT HEAR
A FOG HORN, IN ALL THAT MIST)



"I WANNA. . ."
(BOBBIE'S VOICE SHYED OFF)
"GO AHEAD
(I CAN TAKE WHATEVER'S COMING,
DAD THOUGHT)
"WHAT IS IT SON?"



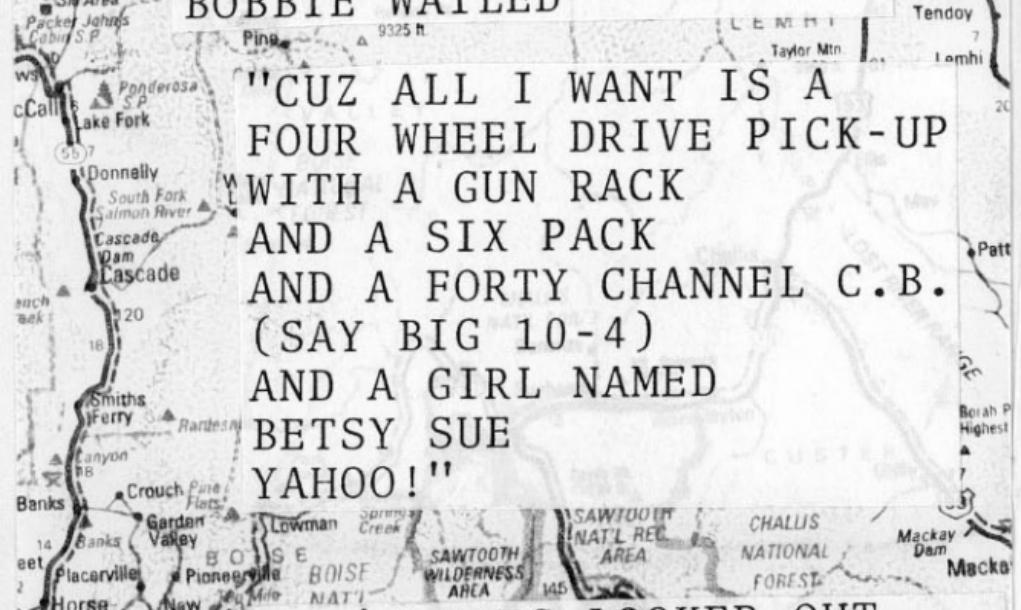


"DAD I'M GONNA MOVE TO IDAHO!"
YELLED BOBBIE
(JUMPING OFF HIS DAD'S LAP)
"AND BE A POTATO FARMER,
JUST LIKE UNCLE BIC!"

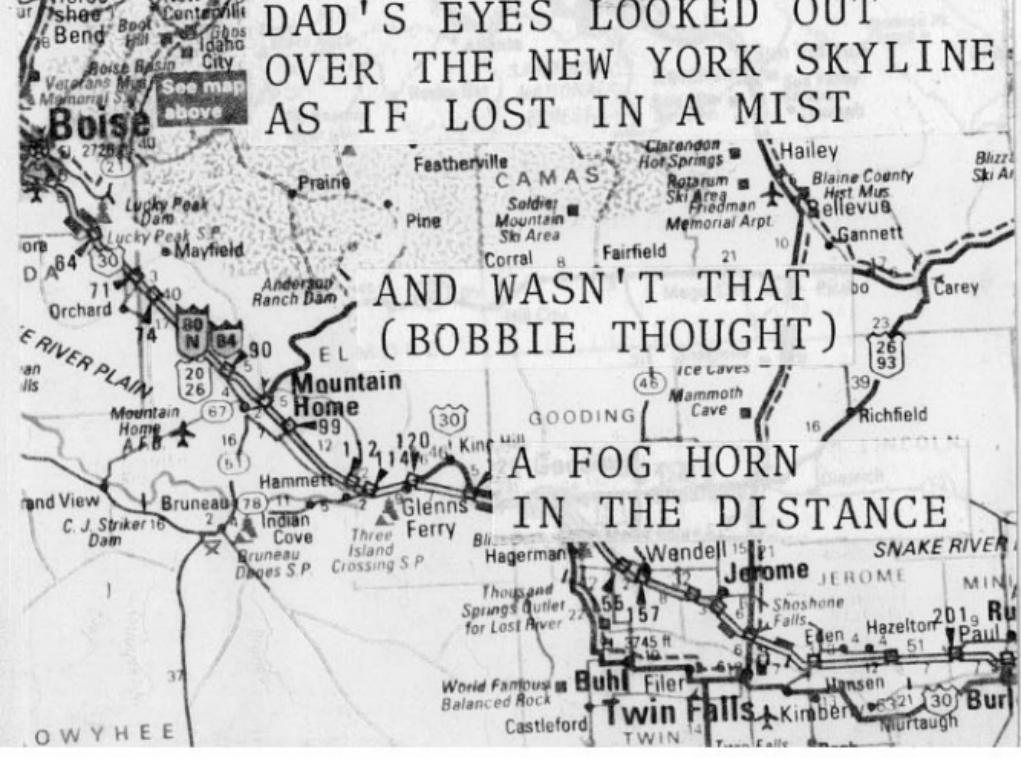


THEN ALMOST IN SONG
BOBBIE WAILED

"CUZ ALL I WANT IS A
FOUR WHEEL DRIVE PICK-UP
WITH A GUN RACK
AND A SIX PACK
AND A FORTY CHANNEL C.B.
(SAY BIG 10-4)
AND A GIRL NAMED
BETSY SUE
YAHOO!"



DAD'S EYES LOOKED OUT
OVER THE NEW YORK SKYLINE
AS IF LOST IN A MIST



AND WASN'T THAT
(BOBBIE THOUGHT)

A FOG HORN
IN THE DISTANCE

HEAD

5

3

THE BARLEY POP RATING GUIDE

PICTURE

5

3

AT A DRIVE-IN
MOVIE THEATRE
THERE ARE TWO KINDS
OF FILMS
GOOD AND BAD
(OF COURSE)

THEN THERE ARE
TWO KINDS OF
BAD FILMS
GOOD BAD
AND JUST PLAIN BAD

PICTURE
STORY
GOOD BAD FILMS
ARE THE KIND
YOU CAN GO AND WATCH
(WITH THE HELP OF A FEW BEERS)
AND HAVE A
GOOD (BAD) TIME

8

5

3

8

THESE FILMS SHOULD BE
RATED BY A
BEER RATING SYSTEM
AS IN
HOW MANY BEERS
IT TAKES TO MAKE A
(BAD) FILM GOOD

8

5

3

8

A TWO BEER FILM
ISN'T MUCH OF A CHALLENGE
A CHALLENGE
IS A
SIX OR MORE
BEER FILM

8

5

2

ALBERT'S

(PERSONAL)

ICE AGE

For Rando



IT WAS THE CHILL OF . . .
FROST
(NOT HIS BEEPING DIGITAL ALARM)
THAT WOKE HIM
ALBERT'S EYE BEGAN TO CLEAR
TO REALIZATION OF . . .

COLD
(COLDNESS)

"THE LAST THING
I REMEMBER"
(HE THOUGHT)
"I THINK . . .
WASN'T IT WARM SUMMER?"
(OR SUPPOSED TO BE?)

HE GLANCED
TO THE WINDOW
. . . WHITE (?)

ICE WAS GROWING
ON HIS DISHES
AND ON THE
(NOW BROWN).
PLANTS
AND WASN'T THERE . . .
(COVERING THE ROOM)

. . . SNOW!

AN INVESTIGATION
(HE THOUGHT)
THERE MUST BE

GATHERING UP HIS
SMILE FACED SHIRT
AND (WELL PATCHED)
TROUSERS
THEN WITH A SHOVE
(AND A CRACK)
THE DOOR
(OUTSIDE)
WAS OPENED

. . .

(!)

AN ICEBERG

WAS A LITTLE MORE THAN
DOUBLE PARKED
INCHES FROM HIS
FRONT PORCH

APPARENTLY HAVING
FLOWED DOWN
THE LITTLE ARKANSAS
(RIVER)

WITH JUST ENOUGH FORCE
THAT IT
(THE ICEBERG)

JUMPED THE BANK
SKIDDING
(OUT OF CONTROL)

ACROSS THE BACK LAWN

ALBERT
AND HIS APARTMENT
WERE SPARED

(EXCEPT FOR SOME COLD)

BECAUSE HIS
(BROKEN DOWN)
BLUE SUBARU

(INSURED)

HAD WEDGED UNDERNEATH
THE ICEBERG

STOPPING IT

COLD

EGGS

BY BUSTER FIGGET

PEOPLE

WELL THEY'RE JUST
SO CONFUSED

ABOUT BIRDS

AND

AND EGGS

WHICH CAME FIRST

WELL NOW

I

KNOW THE TRUTH
BIRDS LAY EGGS
SO THEY'LL HAVE
SOMETHING

TO SIT ON

WOULD YOU STAND UP
SO LONG

IF YOU HAD FEET
LIKE A BIRD'S

NO!

YOU SIT DOWN
EVEN IF IT WAS
ON AN

EGG

WORDS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF
HAP HAZARD

ALL STORIES COPYRIGHT 1984
JOEL SANDERSON

THIS BOOKLET WAS DRAWN FROM
(GENERALLY 76 AND 82)
ANY PERSONS, ITEMS, PLANTS, OR CARS
USED IN THESE STORIES ARE MADE-UP
ANY RESEMBLANCE IS STRICTLY
SUB-CONSCIENCE

THANKS GOES OUT TO
KRIS HERMANSON,
FOR IDEAS (GRAVITY PROBLEMS)
AND CRITIQUE

KERRI Q
WONDERFUL TYPING

BEN URISH
BUSTER FIGGETS CO-WRITER

DR. GUNTHER DEDMUND
PERMISSION TO USE HIS
XEROX FOOD PROCESSOR